

1947

The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1947 --

Phi Sigma

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I have noticed as I have worked in my garden this week that the grass is fresh and green. The lilac bushes have small brown buds the crocus and tulips have sent their first scouts into this year's world and the birds have raised their trilling voice through all the day. Tonight, we know that Spring is really here and all's well with the world because Phi Sigma now raises its "Voice" to join in the symphony of Spring.

Surely "The Voice" is an unusual term to apply to a program of a literary society. What is meant by "The Voice"? What did the founders of this remarkable society mean sixty-nine years ago when they organized the Phi Sigma Class and called a fortnightly paper "The Voice"?

I think they intended each member of Phi Sigma to interpret the phrase for himself. Out of association and contact with Phi Sigma year in and year out, preparing material for papers, taking part in discussion, holding office, and growing in friendships, should come a very clear picture of the Voice of Phi Sigma. It is you and it is I - how we think, or fail to think, on various subjects, how we feel about the interchange of ideas and theories. It is the expression of our ideals and our prejudices, our tolerance and intolerance. It is the oral statement of conclusions based on generations of breeding. It is our willingness to let the other fellow have his say and then, if we disagree, to try with all of our best persuasive power to bring light to the benighted and salvation to the heathen. To put it simply and ~~intell~~ intelligently, it is the Voice of Phi Sigma.

Back in 1879, when six young men gathered in the rear of Bear's Book Store on West Madison Street to "read history together, practice declamations and readings, and to debate" distances were much greater. It was shank's mares or old Dobbin and the surrey that transported members of the Class to meetings. Sometimes it was a real effort to make the Class. Indeed, I recall reading in one of the early manuscripts that a winter meeting was sparsely attended because the snow was so deep as to make walking an impossibility.

Neither the walk or the leisurely trip behind Dobbin created a hectic atmosphere. Each left time and created the opportunity for reflection.

Today, transportation has "improved", in the sense that it gets us where we're going in less time. It might be better to take the time to walk to any place reasonably accessible by foot rather than to push the speed limit in an automobile, and it might be much better to visit the person with whom we want to talk than to use the telephone. I am not a "recessionist", but I do want to point out that, from the time of Phi Sigma's founding to today all of our so-called "advance" has not been gain. Some of it has been irretrievable loss.

Today we "Count that day lost whose low descending sun finds not four new projects started, four day's work begun". The virus of speed, more speed! production! action! has filtered into our brains and blood streams until we whirl merrily like dervishes, ever increasing the speed that must some day destroy us.

In this frantic scene there is one anachronism. For all of us, there is Phi Sigma, where, on one night of each month, we meet together to sit about in one of our homes as leisurely ladies and gentlemen, and take time to view the world, put things in their proper

prospective and open our minds to the minds of our friends. It is almost a lost art but the spirit of Phi Sigma which translated means Lovers of Wisdom has laid it hand on all of its members through the years steadying our whirling course, giving us a chance to gain our equilibrium.

There are many voices of Phi Sigma which have contributed to its spirit which I personally miss, George Masslich's keen wit his love of pleasant debate. Helen, his wife's gentle sweetness. Mrs. Funk's dynamic personality which led her to be such a successful organizer. Mrs Arnold's sweet smile and quiet remarks. As a very young member I remember Mrs. Fitch who has left us such a beautifully written history of Phi Sigma. All these and many more have created this society, have given it to us to use, develop, and pass on to our children and our friends. Several of my friends have asked "me why do you love Phi Sigma so very much"? I love it so much because here we take time to learn about each other and in so doing we appreciate the person as an individual. We enjoy each others whims and idiosyncracies, we do not scoff at them. Here we truly cultivate friends. The outstanding feature of my Phi Sigma experience is the charm of belonging to a circle of cultured and intellectual friends.

One of the charms of this unusual organization is its diversified membership. We have the young and the younger, we have doctors and lawyers salesmen and educators, domonies and musicians, artists and writers. We have managers and housewives, and we even have a member of the school board.

It's not very often that we hear the voice of the school board member ~~a-da~~ and that's a pity for she has a good mind a

bit on the frivolous side I'm afraid, but it is a retentive frivolous mind. For instance she knows all of the words to most of the number one hit parade songs of the early 1920's. Since it was through her that Mr. Pope prevailed upon me to take this program it is most fitting and proper that you hear her voice next. Katherine has become so steeped in Board meetings that she cannot seem to get away from them. She has, I believe, written the minutes of a board meeting of the A.W.G.H. K. Barr.

Another of our members is a career girl and a very successful one at that judging from her popularity with editors and readers of newspapers alike. You can usually depend upon Polly Peterson to ferret out the news, write it up, edit it and publish it in the form of the Forest Park News, then ^{to} have a merry quip ready, on the way the whole thing turned out. When I asked her what she was going to call her contribution to the Voice she promptly replied "The Ramblings of an old Wreck", I explained to her that she would belie her title, but she said she felt like an old wreck at that moment and probably would continue to do so, but that she would have her hair done before hand and doll up a little to substantiate the career girl theory. I give you the "Ramblings of an Old Wreck".

In recent years we have taken into our charmed circle a young man of great talent. He reads and he writes, I mean really writes, like plays and books and things, he wins prizes doing it, he enjoys good music, he acts as sitter to his children when his wife wants to go out in the evening, he even business manages Dr. Arthur's Clinic. He has written for our pleasure a skit guaranteed to lay us in the aisles and costing us not a penny. Naturally when he

produces it, we shall have to pay full fare for it, but for tonight it is ours. Harry Davidson.

One of the most refreshing and stimulating people I know is Hazel Winters. I am always startled when she makes a remark for she doesn't look like that kind of a girl at all. She looks like a sweet docile housewife, but that tender expression packs a wallop. Look out if it's aimed your way, for it will surely catch you between the eye brows. I've often wondered if she was frank before she met Frank, or if it was one of those things she acquired with him. At all events you'll get the straight of it from Hazel and it will be so aptly put you will not mistake her meaning. Hazel Winters.

Here then you have the Voice of Phi Sigma for 1947. It's still a good voice, a clear and a strong voice. It's full of pride and joy in its members. And as we meet year by year let's fill our minds with all that's good and grow in knowledge as we grow nearer to each other.

Tonight in my introduction, I spoke with approval of the early days of our Society. In closing, I want to present one of them again to you. It is the year 1898 and it is the 20th anniversary of Phi Sigma. Dr Walter Fiske has been asked to give a toast to the "Last Decade". This is his response.

"We all of us have passed many milestones on our journey since the 10th anniversary. We are ten miles farther from the cradle. We are ten miles nearer the tomb. Where shall we be when another decade has gone? And as I ask this question, this idea comes to me. Why should we not send a message down through the changing years to our comrades of the future, who shall meet somewhere ten years hence, to commemorate the close of the third decade of our history. Let us tonight sign and seal a message to our

future classmates of the Phi Sigma, and let the message be in words like these:

When we look back upon this last Decade
These ten last times when round the golden sun
Our whirling globe its circling path has run
And note the **changes** which these years have made
We feel the hand of time upon us laid
We feel that changes here are but begun
That long before our next decade is gone
Some of us will our final parts have played
And made our final exit from the stage.
Yet still we know the stage is always bright
And other actors will the throng engage
And other friends than those we greet tonight
Ten years from now may read this scribbled page
Be this our message "Life is bathed in Light"

There are several people sitting here in their comfortable chairs with the relaxed feeling one has when other people are giving papers for Phi Sigma. I am now going to call upon them to give my paper for me. In other words, this is ~~to~~ be one of those unrehearsed, uncalled for, unaccountable, unadmirable, unanticipated, unauthorized, unorganized, untimely, unavoidable and unconscious programs.

However, I certainly hope none of the people asked to take part will turn out to be uncooperative.

It is therefore my pleasure to call upon the following persons to step forward and take part: (it would never do to call for volunteers)

All characters take their places around the table.

Sinon:

The meeting of the Board of Directors of the Association of History's Greatest Heels will now be in order. The secretary will call the roll. As your name is called you will answer and put on your badge. The secretary, Bloody Mary.

The secretary, Bloody Mary, calls the roll and each in turn answers and puts on his badge:

Mary:

President Sinon	(Pres. Sinon: Here)
Edwin Boothe	(Boothe: Here)
Benedict Arnold	(Arnold: Here)
Al Capone	(Capone: Here)
Judas Iscariot	(Judas: Here)
Cain	(Cain: Here)
Elmer Gantry	(Elmer: Here)
Brutus	(Brutus: Here)
Hitler	(Hitler: Here)
Mussolini	(Mussolini: Here)

All present, Mr. President.

President Sinon:

You have all read the minutes which were sent you. We have a communication which the secretary will now read.

Sec. Mary reading:

This letter is addressed to Sinon, President of the ANCH.

Dear Mr. President:

Inasmuch as you have not ~~diagned~~ to answer former communications from me, I now take my pen in hand to address you again. I beg admittance to your august group on the basis of the great fame attached to me on account of my heel, which I consider the greatest in the world. I feel quite sure you will see that this matter is brought up at your next meeting. Expectantly awaiting your favorable reply I am, sir, your obedient servant, Achilles."

President Sinon:

What is your pleasure?

All, in unison: Murder

President Sinon:

No, no. What shall we do about this letter?

Judas:

Frankly, I can't see why Achilles keeps thinking we should let him into this group.

Al Capone:

We neither. Who is da guy anyhow? Can't we rub him out?

Edwin B.

Edwin Boothe:

My dear sir, he has been rubbed out, as you so quaintly put it.

Benedict Arnold: I feel that we must be very careful about our membership. Mercury acts as though he wants to get in, too. I should like to suggest, Mr. President--no, I'll put it more strongly--I move that we take definite steps to discourage this--this--well, the worst type of man--the kindly, generous type--from annoying us further. Let us then take steps.

All: Second the motion.

Al Capone: Let's rub him out.

Elmer Gantry: Shut up.

Al Capone: Who said dat?

Brutus:

Oh, can you be quiet. Lend me thine ears. I mean--after all, you're not nearly as tough as you think you are.

Al Capone: Oh, yeah.

Pres. Sinon:

Let this bickering stop. I will speak to Achilles myself. I'll explain to him. Don't forget. I'm the one who explained the Trojans into letting the Greeks inside their walls with the wooden horse. Ha ha.

Judas Iseariot:

Will we never hear the end of it. Certainly more people hate me than ever thought of hating you.

Elmer Gantry:

You boys didn't work it right. Nobody hated me but look what a heel I was

Sinon:

You were only a fictional character.

Hitler:

I'm not even yet sure dot I'm a heel at all, yet.

Mussolini: Me neither

All in unison: You are, though.

Hitler:

Well, if I am I feel that I can remain a member of this group only if I'm the president. You must know, I am of a very superior race

Judas: Oh, I don't know.

Pres. Sinon:

Don't forget, you were practically begged to come in.

AMGH. Usually we have a waiting list. You have to be an outstanding heel to be even considered.

Benedict Arnold:

Everybody in this club has been as big a heel as he was able.

Cain:

Why does everybody always have to bring up Abel? I'm getting sick and tired of it.

Boothe: There you go again, Cain, being sensitive. You'll just have to stop it, that's all. It's not good for the morale of the rest of us.

Al Capone:

Hey, Cain, do you wanta go for a ride?

Cain: Oh, quiet.

Benedict Arnold:

How about the waiting list? Are we going to take in some more members?

Mary:

I have something to say about that. I'm good and tired of being the only woman in this club. I have to take all the minutes, make the refreshments and wash the dishes every meeting. I think it's only fair to get some more girls in the club.

Sinon:

Well, it's a little hard to find outstanding heels among the women. Whom would you suggest?

Mary:

Well, how about Delilah? She pulled a pretty dirty trick on Sampson.

Al Capone:

Who are dese guys?

Brutus: Quiet, ignoramus.

Al Capone:

Da name's Al Capone. You've heard of me, ain't you?

Hitler: If I'm the president, the first thing I'm going to do is kick you out of this club.

Al Capone: You and who else?

Hitler: I have means.

Mussolini: Yes, he really does. (Pause). Did.

Hitler:

I insist upon being president. I'll commit suicide if I'm not president. I've got to be president. (Shouts) I'm going to be president, do you hear?

Sinon:

Take him out. (Arnold and Boothe take him out). He has a lot to learn. Let's see, where were we?

Judas:

Mary wants someone to help her make coffee and wash the dishes.

Boothe:

Oh, let Delilah in. She's O.K.

Sinon:

All in favor say aye.

All: Aye.

Mussolini:

Is she good-looking?

Mary:

Thanks, boys. I know you'll all like Delilah. She's really quite well known. Very famous. And not a nice person at all. Quite destructive really.

Arnold:

To get back to membership, I really don't think we should be too quick to take in any more members. I'll tell you why. The world seems to have an unusually large number of heels in it right now. They're having quite a time of it right now.

Pres. Sinon:

I've heard the same thing. Why don't we all make lists and see which ones appear on the lists // most of ten.

Edwin Boothe:

I've started a list already. I have one for almost every letter of the alphabet. I almost got stuck on Q. until I thought about Quisling.

Sinon:

Well, don't give away who is on your list. I want you all to make your own lists. Then next meeting bring them with you.

Al Capone: I hate cops

Mussolini:

The Communists are heels. I'm going to have all Communists on my list.

Arnold:

The Fascists are the worst heels.

Judas:

No, the Capitalists are the worst.

~~///~~:
Mary:

How about the Socialists?

Sinon:
I lean towards the labor unions.

Boothe:
Indeed not, my friends. 'Tis the management class which
disrupts the world. There is where you'll find your real
heels.

Gentry:
How about O'Sullivan's?

Gain:
There are still some of Hitler's friends around. We should
ask him when he calms down.

Al Capone:
I hate cops.

Sinon:
Mr. Capone, you won't have to make a list. Now, Mary, is
the coffee ready?

Mary:
Just about.

Sinon:
Meeting adjourned.

1
Last October when Ellen Willard asked me to contribute twelve minutes to the April Voice, I glibly consented. Thinking, if I thought at all, that I'd doubtless have been committed to an institution for the witless, at the rate I was going, come Spring. Then my quiet but clever husband could carry on for his first wife.

The night for the Voice has arrived, and I'm neither more nor less witless than I was in October, or am I?

Ellen stated this essay must be satirical, caustic and amusing. Those who love ^{me} those six people, know I am never unkind or sarcastic. As for being amusing, I've not been that since I wore my hair in pig tails and a bit on my crooked incisors. Thirty seven years under Frank Winters gentle tutorship have mellowed me into an individual who has no wish to hurt anyone. If my voice, sharp and flippant at times, offends the well bred ears of Phi Sigma, it is wholly ~~un~~intentional, with definite reference to persons or things, before, here or hereafter. ^{this} ends ~~the~~ autobiographical sketch.

This has been the year of revelations. A review could be called "The Private Lives of Phi Sigma". Husbands and wives have shouted at one another, friends have bared their teeth in heated disagreement. ~~When~~ Frank Winters said parents ~~were~~^{not} interested in their children, Lathrop Arnold rose to call his opponent a liar. The Papes had to move ~~the~~ week following that first meeting, and one wonders, does one, could the riotous behavior of Phi Sigmaites, have precipitated an eviction!

Seriously, the current social problems intelligently and expertly presented to our group this season, are not material for light handling.

~~Elonise Burnett fired the~~
 President Pope presided with the ease of Sir Robert himself. He introduced the speakers with all the superlative adjectives in the book and made them (the speakers) scared into immobility. They just knew they couldn't be that good. President Pope also proved to be a professional mediator and refereed the fiery forums with a masters touch.
~~Elonise Burnett fired the opening shot~~
 in presenting the evolution of Elementary

Education, from its first feeble wail to its present lusty clamoring. With her charming poise and earnest understanding, she did a swell job. She gave the historical background of education in the United States, and the purpose and growth of the elementary and secondary schools, then outlined the present organization and curriculum of elementary education, showing us the young progressive of today is the parent and citizen of the future, equipped with a far better foundation for that task, than our generation possesses. The position and importance of the teacher were discussed, also the teachers salaries, which make Drew Pearsons' and Walter Winchells' syndicates now.

Not long ago a friend of mine (one out of five, who does tell you) said she thought teachers' salaries adequate for what they give in service. Six hours a day, five days a week, and 2 1/2 months vacation in the summer.

This was right up my Allens' alley. I told her Frank had to open a boys camp to supplement his salary. She came back with the old myth that

camp was a paid vacation. Fancy that! Up in the North woods where men are men, and there are no women, where the plumbing is on the fringe of society, and coal oil lamps make Abe Lincoln of all of us. Vacation indeed, says I, looking after the little sons of the rich!

Clare Joslyn, in her talk on "College and Adult Education", side tracked the college since we've all been there, and know what is good about it and what isn't. Many of us, as adults, and I mean the people now, not lovers of wisdom, feel our education completed when formal schooling ends. Clare

Clare reviewed the progress of adult education, including literacy for the underprivileged, vocational training for adults, to 1940.

Much was accomplished "way back when" thru the medium of lyceum and chataqua ~~platforms~~ ^{organizations}, the libraries and the New England Town meeting (the first discussion platform). These were available to all.

Clare stressed the importance of constantly learning. The last ten years have shown us the absolute necessity

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of being informed, which leads to the process of thinking. Prejudices, misinformation, or just no information makes for a dangerous society. Note ~~Bilbo~~ Bilbo, Mr. Kellar and even some good Republicans. (editors insert)

The world is changing, science has progressed to the point where we can't sleep nights. The old by word "blow her to atoms" has come into its own in reverse. The great "must" now is, the adult should learn constantly in order to weather the hysterical present and assure a liveable future. This is a rough summary. Clare doesn't write papers, she just gives them, and refuses to go on record, but she correlates material and ideas which pack a wallop. ~~She~~

She even knows how to cook.
all that and home work too, and
she speaks gliffly of equality.
What a gal!

Lathrop Arnold's thesis gave incorporated a survey of the back history of labor and management, noting the abuses which have propelled us into the present chaos. I had expected Lathrop to plunge into his message with all the fire and fury of a John L. Lewis before

a court hearing. But ~~the~~ Lathes' innate diffidence and his reticence in voicing his views, threw him into a coma, and Clarence Willard, legal advisor for Phi Sigma, grabbed the ball and placed it smack dab between the goal posts.

Lathrop was so upset, Dr. Joselyn had to administer first aid.

The hours of research were manifested in the paper Lathrop wrote. In it, he carried the conviction that guns from the labor front may yet be stilled. But as I write this, the coal mines are almost idle, and a telephone strike grips the nation.

Lathrop clarified many points upon which the general public, not this group of course, is uninformed or prefers not to believe. Labor fell into the hands of racketeers because she had no one within her ranks, to compete with the injustices of management. Slowly,

Slowly, very slowly, an understanding between management and labor will evolve, and give us a hope for the future.

A keen mind, and a liberal perception were evidenced thru out the Labor document.

We regret Lathrops voice is so rarely heard in discussion. A quiet, shy, gradually shrinking little man, who rarely speaks!

Burton Crandalls epoch making brain child on "gambling" hit the jack pot. I was unable to attend the premiere. I later solicited my husband and friends for a review of this paper. All I heard were ecstatic superlatives. Well, I just knew it couldn't be that earth shaking, so I finally secured the manuscript.

Fine as our Phi Sigma, or any other lovers of wisdom group, papers are, they usually require the stage set. The pagentry supplied by the gracious home, the eager listeners, filled with pleasant discomfort from rich food just consumed, or just filled with warm anticipation of the ten o'clock coffee which will wreck the night's sleep no doubt, but lends an aura of gentle dissipation and sinfulness. The speakers forcefulness and charm finally create the setting. Well, I sat down in my ungarnished tenement flat to read about gambling. That's really taking it cold, and I wasn't

happy about any part of it. From the first paragraph, I was absorbed and read straight thru my favorite soap operas, and when I had finished the findings on gambling, I joined the fraternity and loved as how the critics had been right. Only a superlative could describe it. ~~It~~

[Give a suggestion to present to young Burton Jr. With your fluid pen, which writes under gasoline, no doubt, and your bubbling, refreshing wit, why not quit dishing out the oil and write radio script for Bob Hope and Jack Benny? You could give them the shot in the back, they have coming. You'd also have a heavy surplus of long queen, on which to play the pomes.

Seriously, the subtle moral implications of the effect of gambling, the statistical proof of the waste of money, the irrefutable unbeatableness of the game and the present ~~flurry~~ of investigations and exposure, to abolish these wrongs, all give hope of a trend which may produce a better future.

Earl Meyer, one of my favorite people did the tough assignment on minority groups. The racial problem is a lot like Mark Twain's weather. We talk about it all the time, but don't do anything about it. Well, Earl did a lot about it. He

He gave a comprehensive outline of the tragic events and their cause in Palestine. Earl believes that the entire question should be submitted to the Arabs and the decision should be theirs and theirs alone. With a provision made for the Jews. There are about twelve million Jews left in the world. I personally can see no reason why they can't be absorbed over the face of the globe. They could not all wish to live in New York. If so. So what!

We purposely take Jewish boys to our camp, ~~not for~~ ^{entirely} their sakes, but because it's a valuable part of our gentile boys' education, to learn that Jews are people and very nice people. It works.

Earl devoted the second part of his ~~main~~ paper to Communism and the labor unions. He urged the importance of people being rightly informed. He pointed to the danger of extreme anti-labor legislation which could throw

our honest American labor leaders into the ranks of Communism and upset an already delicate balance in many unions. He warned that "joiners" should carefully examine what they join. Communists are most skilled in the art of controlling large numbers by a strong minority. ~~I doubt if any lover of wisdom changed a mind on this.~~

~~The last subject of~~

The last minority of Earle's trilogy was the negro. While admitting progress is ~~painfully~~ dreadfully slow in this field, at least there is some advancement. The negro has proven himself in science, literature, music and drama. Mixed theatrical casts would not have been ~~accepted~~ tolerated ten or less years ago. They are now accepted.

The negro is educable. At this point, if Gray Jewett were here, he would say "The nigger's brain is smaller than the white man's". Well, I believe that is true, but, anthropologists tell us the Japanese has a larger brain than the white man. ~~well~~, Have your Phrenologist figure that one out on your prejudice bump.

Earl listed many achievements for the negro's advancement during 1943. Among them, Chicago passed an anti discrimination ordinance for city employment and contracts. The first city in the U.S. to do so. Surely Mayor Kelley's fine Irish hand was not in that pie!

After hearing Earle's honest and fair report on Minorities, I doubt if any lover of wisdom changed his opinion. Possibly I'm cynical, but I believe more people refuse to be influenced on this highly controversial subject, than any other, unless perchance it be Eleanor Roosevelt or her late husband. The pros are as violent as the antis.

Ellen, I regret my inability to fill the requirement of being satirical, caustic and amusing. The subjects were too serious. If we had discussed "Chaucer" - "~~Customs~~ Women's fashions in Tibet" - or "Old Southern Mansions", it might have been interesting and amusing to jab a little fun at all of us.

As the year stands, I feel genuine humility, and golly, but it beats the Dutch. I know so little, you know so much.

Polly Petersen

1947

I thought I knew a nice girl once, but she turned out to be a rake in the manger, a mote in the eye and a run in new nylons. What did she do? My dear, ~~xxx~~ no sooner had the thud of pre-war rubber ~~xxx~~ as we paid our dues died away than she confidentially called me to her side and with a brief preface of flattering remarks said 'Polly, be funny for about 10 minutes for the voice, will you, please?' She did say please - and that got me. So for the next few minutes, I would appreciate at least a snicker - I wont ask for a guffaw.

I was reading a rival paper the other day, briefing thru the class ads. I like to read class ads. They are an interesting chapter in the story of humanity, and far more varied than Forever Amber, very few beds for sale or rent. And the Lost and Found column in any paper yields a rich treasure of miscellany, from lower plates - how they pop out of their places is beyond me - to assorted gents' clothing, each article marking a path down which imagination could wander for weeks.

A simple, two line notice in that paper caught my fancy. It stated, tersely "Found - ariding horse."

A considerable discovery that. What would the finders do with it while waiting for its owners? Taken from any angle, a horse is not a chubby bit of nonsense to keep around the house. In the first place, practically all horses are hay-burners, and you have to admit that the average land-owner is but ~~xxxx~~ poorly equipped with horse edibles. I may love my love with an H, but that aint hay. In the second place, a horse is an awkward size. You cant shut it in the basement. Horses have an aversion for stairs, and all well-mannered basements have stairs, and there's hardly room in the garage for the car, what with all the bicycles and rakes and things. And in the third place, you cant house-break a horse.

And how came the horse to be lost? A horse is a sizeable sort of thing to mislay. If rider it had, what parted these two - gravity? Or did it, tiring of the jerks and jounces of the undulating humanity it carried on its back, leave home to get away from it all? Or had it, like the rest of us, been taken in by that old gag about the grass on the other side of the fence?

There is no hint as to who or what guided its perambulations, no ~~xxxx~~ clue as to what happened between discovery and loss. Only that flat and tantalizing statement - "Found - a horse."

You know, my office window faces Madison street, with a lovely view of odds and ends - and the ends are sure odd. I happened to glance out as I finished typing that bit of trivia and saw me a sight - brother! She was fat. She bulged. And she was wearing slacks - and she wasnt the only one on the street.

Dont mind me, gals - it's just jealousy - but from where I sit, it certainly looks as if the women in the town had taken to wearing the pants in the family - and what a revelation!

Shakespeare mildly states that there is a destiny that shapes our ends. It is, however, too apparent that destiny didnt have slacks in mind when it did the shaping. Thick and thin, fat and lean, the chicks stride along the streets, and with each stride reveal that the southern elevation of far too few females has been styled for bifurcated garb.

One school of thought claims the things are comfortable. I argue the point. Thy're hot. They are inclined to scratch. And unless one takes to suspenders, they are very apt to droop.

It has also been said that when wearing slacks one may assume, with utmost modesty, diverse and restful attitudes with ease. Again I disagree.

I have done some research into the matter, and I find those attitude not only not restful to assume, but not easy. To begin with, one must have (1) a chair with sturdy enough arms to withstand the strain of legs, or (2) a porch railing upon which to hoist the feet or (3) a couch long enough and wide enough to allow for acrobatics, a thing seldom found in the modern home. Then, providing one has these adjuncts to attitudes, one starts a series of contortions to discover which of the many postures is most comfortable. It always ends up with some end up, generally in reverse, a hard knot in the backbone and a mighty charley-horse in some portion of the anatomy.

As for modesty - pish tush. If you cant be comfortable gracefully, why work so hard to be comfortable all tied up like a ~~hawser~~ swimming kids clothes? And besides, why cover up a lovely leg with a hunk of denim? Beauty is truth and the truth is - there are far more neatly turned ankles than there ~~xxxxxxx~~ are hips.

CONCORDIA CEMETARY

7900 W. Madison Street, Forest Park, Illinois

All Phones: Austin 0878 - Forest 17

CERTIFICATE OF PERPETUAL CARE

THIS IS TO CERTIFY:

THAT

Street,

Avenue of the

State of

has deposited with the CONCORDIA ASSOCIATION, the sum of

DOLLARS (\$.....)

IN TRUST, to be invested, as authorized by law, with other funds of like character, the net income derived therefrom to be applied towards "PERPETUAL CARE" services as hereinafter set forth on LOT NUMBER

IN SECTION..... as per Plat of said CONCORDIA CEMETERY

filed in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois. "Perpetual Care" services covered by this

certificate are, as follows:

It at any time the established rate price for the above mentioned services shall exceed the net income from the said deposit, then other services of a similar nature may be substituted at the option of the Association, and if in the future conditions so change as to render it manifestly inadvisable or impracticable to continue the services exactly as above set forth, then it shall be the duty of said Association to substitute other and more practical services of a value equivalent to the net income derived from the deposit made hereunder, however, in no case is excess of said net income.